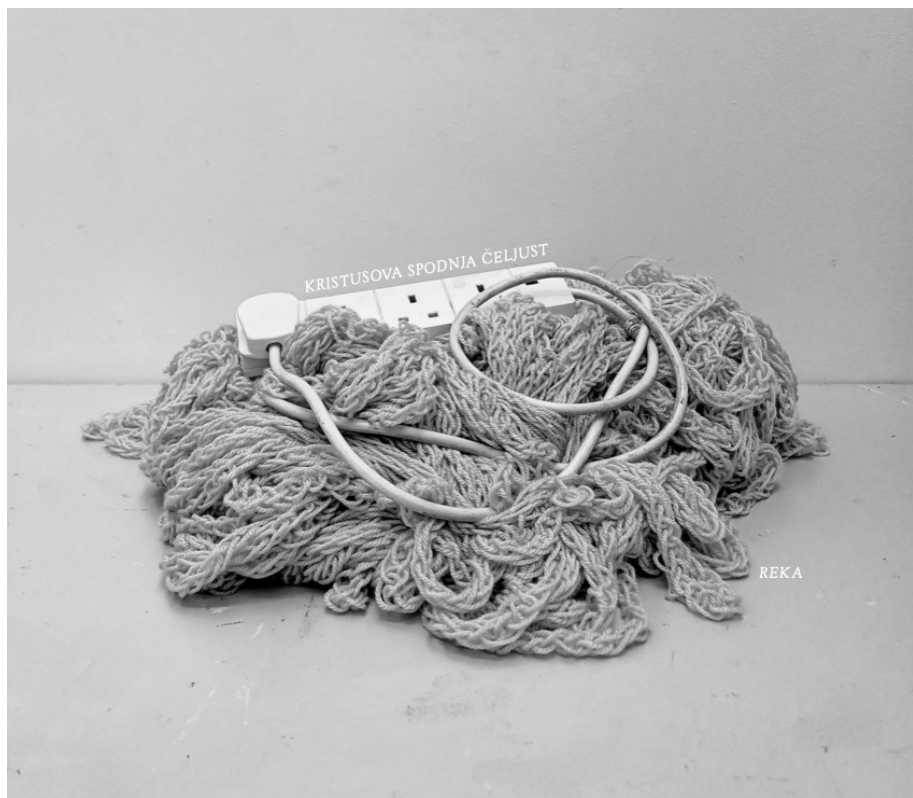


LUDD GANG



If I had a pistol
I could join a revolution
Just like Che
Imagine me
Hunkered down low in the sugarcane
Watching Havana burning

—Dan Reeder, *Havana Burning*

COVER: 'Tihožitje / Still Life' (Performance relic, 2024)
by Lucija Rosc, Patrick Cosgrove & Julia Rose Lewis
Kristusova spodnja čeljust: Christ's lower mandible | Reka: river

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LUDD GANG

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SELIMA HILL

from Two Women in a Car Park

The Night I Killed My Mother

You should have heard the girl who played my mother! She screamed and screamed and the more she screamed the more she sounded like some weird animal I didn't want anything to do with.

The Cubicle

And after that they led her to a cubicle and told her to wait there till someone came. But no one came. And as she sat and waited the cubicle slowly filled with sand.

The Surgeon

The life the surgeon saved he also ruined. She becomes obsessed. She sends him flowers. She writes him poems. Stands outside his house. And when he finds her living in his garden, she crawls towards him in her sleeping-bag like a worm who wants to die happy.

JOHN RUSSELL

from Earley (2024)

[*Clears throat*] I'm going over the bridge in a minute. What...? I've got to go over the bridge in a minute. I've got to meet someone. What. I've got to get over the bridge... to meet someone. Yes. Yes, I got to meet someone. OK. I've got to pick up some meat. Yes? Yes. I've got to pick up some meat. Over the bridge. Yes. I got to make a move. Yes. I better make a move. Yes. Or... Yes. Yes. Or. Or. Or. Or it will be dawn. Yes... the crack of dawn. Yes, or it will nearly be the crack of dawn. Yes. And Hark! the dawn cock! Yes. [*Cupping ear*] And Hark! the dawn cock! And Hark! the dawn cock! And Hark! the dawn cock! [*Cock-a-doodle doo*] And Hark! the dawn cock! [*Cock-a-doodle doo*] And Hark! the dawn cock! [*Cock-a-doodle doo*]

[*Pause*] That was great... Yes. That was great. Yes, that was great. Yes, that was great... but I gotta have more cark! Yes. Yes, that was great... but I gotta have more cark! Yes. Yes, that was great... but I gotta have more cark! Yes. Yes, that was great... but I gotta have more cark! Yes. Yes. That was great, but I gotta have more cark! Yes. Yes, that was great. [*Cock-a-doodle doo*] Yes, I gotta have more cark!

Anyway. Anyway. Anyway... a new day! [*Gesturing*] Yes. Yes... a new day. Yes. Yes. A new day... full of promise and adventure. Yes... pregnant... with hope and joy... fat... with potential and opportunity... bloated with outcome and choice... soaked with investment and promise... inflated with goodwill and growth... engorged with impact and transformation... swollen with growth and care. Y-Y-Yes. Yes. Y-Yes. Anyway. Yes... anyway. Yes. Yes, anyway. Yes. Anyway. Anyway. Ha ha

ha. Anyway, ha ha ha. Yes. Anyway. Yes. I've got to get going... Yes. Yes. Yes. I've got to make a move. I. Yes.

I... I... I... I... I... I once met a butcher. Yes. I once met a butcher... at a party. At a party. Yes... at a party. At a house. A house. Yes. And... and... and... Yes. And I was sitting on a sofa... Yes. Most people had left. Yes. Most people had left... Yes. Because it was very late. Or early. And the... the... the... the dawn light. The dawn light was just starting to filter into the room.

And... Yes? And... Yes? I was trying to work out... how I would get home. Yes. How to get home. I didn't have any money left on that night. Yes. And... and... and. So I was thinking about walking home. Yes. When I realised there was this other person... sitting in a chair opposite me. Yes. Yes. Yes. Some kind of fake black leather chair. Yes... opposite me... because I remember the light... catching the texture of the chair. Faux leather. And this guy. Yes. This guy... Yes. Who was sitting there... was speaking to me. And I realised after a while... Yes. I realised that he was talking to me. Yes. Yes. And... anyway, this... this... man told me... was telling me... telling me... told me that he used to be a butcher. I was only half listening to him at this point, and he told me he used to be a butcher.

And he said that... he told me that... he explained to me if he had a good quality knife... Yes. If he had a really good quality knife... Yes. He could cut and remove the bottom half of your leg in 13 seconds. Thirteen seconds? Yes, thirteen seconds. He could cut and remove the bottom half of your leg in thirteen seconds. I... I... I... I wasn't really listening at first, but at this point, I looked at him more carefully. I noted a certain kind of urgency, a kind of intensity in his manner, something about his eyes. And anyway, I decided I wouldn't go to sleep on the sofa... or in the house anywhere. And I was kind of wondering if he had drugged me... and I was thinking how weird it would be if you fell asleep somewhere... and you woke up and someone had stolen your leg. And. Yes. Yes. Y-Y-Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Anyway. Yes. Anyway. Yes. And, anyway. Yes.

Anyway. Anyway. Since I... *[Stands on one leg]* Since I... since I lost my leg, since I lost the bottom half of my leg... Yes. All those years ago... Yes. Yes. Yes. Anyway. Since I lost my leg, I have never felt so alive! I have never felt so alive! *[Bangs drum]* O, I have never felt so alive! *[Bangs drum]* O, I have never felt so alive! *[Bangs drum]* Yes. I have never felt so alive! Yes! *[Bangs drum]* I have never felt so alive! *[Bangs drum]* Since *[Bangs drum]* I *[Bangs drum]* lost *[Bangs drum]* my *[Bangs drum]* leg.

And... and... and... and. For instance, the Queen. The Queen. Yes. Yes. Yes. *[Shows images, first just of dogs]* O, that's amazing...! *[Image of dog]* O, that's amazing...! *[Image of dog]* O, that's amazing...! *[Image of dog]* O, that's amazing...! *[Image of Queen]* The Queen. The Queen of England. Oh, the Queen of England! Before she died, just before she died last year... Yes. Yes, just before she died. Yes. She said... Yes. Just before she died... she said she had never felt so alive... never felt so alive just before, just prior... just prior to being dead. Just before she was dead, she said... she said that... she said she had never felt so alive. O, I have never felt so alive! *[Bangs drum]* O, I have never felt so alive! *[Bangs drum]* Yes. And on that day... on that day, on the day, on the day she died... on the day the queen died, the birds fell silent. On the day the queen died, the birds fell silent. On the day the queen died, the birds fell silent for err... one, two, three minutes... silence... and then they started cheering. Ha ha. Yes. Ha ha ha.

And my mother... Yes. My mother... was buried in the same week as the Queen because she died also... in 2022, on the Thursday of the week the Queen was buried by coincidence... in a graveyard in Walsall, in England. Yes. Not Warsaw... in Poland... Yes. No, Walsall in the Midlands near Birmingham, near Birmingham. And. Yes. And just before she died... Yes. Just before she died... Yes. She had dementia... Yes. She had dementia, she said... Yes. She had dementia, and she said... I can't remember? *[Bangs drum]* I can't remember. Ha ha. Ha! I can't remember... *[Bangs drum]* I can't remember. *[Bangs drum]* She came from Derry in Northern Ireland. She was born in Northern Ireland. So I am in fact Irish, officially speaking... Yes. So potentially, I could represent

Ireland at the Venice Biennale, in case there's any curators here. Yes. Ha ha. Thank you. Thank you.

But just before she died... Yes. Just before she died... Yes. Just prior to being dead... Yes. She said... Yes. She had never felt so alive! [*Bangs drum, stands on one leg.*] Never felt so alive, she said. I can't remember. I can't remember. I can't remember. And... and... the Catholic priest, the priest at my mother's funeral. He was a very old man, and he fell over because the ground was very uneven. And we all thought he'd died. He used to come on holiday with us when I was young, with my aunt Bernadette, who was a lay nun. Used to pay for him for all his food and drinks... Yes. Yes. Yes. It's a Catholic thing. O yes. Yes. Communion wine... Yes. Is the actual blood of Christ. The actual blood of Christ. Communion wine. The actual blood of Christ. The actual blood of Christ. The actual blood of Christ... Yes. Eye. I. Eye. I. Eye. I. Eye. I. Eye. I. Thank you. [*Bows*]

SAM BLACKWOOD
& SAM WILSON FLETCHER

Inside the Grass Palace

remember?
rocks' dead flowers
police with names
street green
hung with life
an already half-ill memory

you there, manhole cover
king of water
are like an entrance
wrapped up through 2021
92 iron tails
glimpsed:
the rat is white

the paper road
is dull as rain
seen this? the rusty shine
of a grey ghost
a 50p stain
an empty booze area
he held '92, too
in his hands

like a car
hydrangeas broke into

(the back door
onto an obsolete street)
this wall is untitled
outside, dead people
just trying to think
they have... away
inside the grass palace

underneath our feet
a family of three
person of rain
revealing a marina
of charges
gathering my slippage
RIP Brodi
half a pattern
now burst open
what a waste of a circle

to get 'flourishing'
big want
is chipped in the garage
seven lamps
light the names
for a nipper dog
countering the field's
extra cod: 25p
(a sacred charge c. 2024)

a sun rumour
Ryan wilted in the Tesco
this football knows walls
extinguishing thick history

ANDREA CELESTE LA FORGIA

& MAX FLETCHER (*translators*)

Gianni Rodari (1920-1980) was an Italian writer best known for his works of children's literature. Originally employed as a journalist by communist paper *l'Unità*, his writing was idiosyncratic and strange, at odds with the paper's ideological guidelines; before long he was asked to write a light-hearted Sunday column, which in turn found its feet as a children's column. He would go on to become arguably Italy's most important post-war children's author.

The extract below is from *Le avventure di Cipollino* (1951), an account of the exploits of a young working-class onion.

Chapter One

Cipollino was the son of Cipollone¹ and had seven siblings: Cipolletto, Cipolloto, Cipolluccio and so on; all suitable names for a family of onions. They were good people, but—there's the need to say straight away—rather unfortunate.

When one is born an onion, the house is full of tears.

Cipollone and his siblings lived in a wooden shed, little bigger than one of those boxes you'd find at the greengrocers. When rich people passed, they turned up their noses in disgust.

'Mamma Mia, the stink of onion,' they said, and ordered the horseman to whip the horses.

One time, the governor, Principe Limone,² had to pass by. The court dignitaries were very worried.

¹ *Cipollone*, onion (and variations): lowly onions.

² *Limone*, lemon (and variations): highborn lemons.

‘What will his Highness say when he smells the odour of poverty?’

‘You could perfume them?’ suggested the Grand Chamberlain.

A dozen limoncini were immediately sent down to perfume the poor. For the occasion, they left their swords and rifles at home and, on their shoulders, carried large canisters of cologne—of violet essence and Bulgarian rose, the finest there is.

Cipollone and his family were made to leave their huts, lined up against the wall, and sprayed from head to toe until they were soaked; so much so that Cipollino caught a cold.

At the sound of a trumpet, the governor arrived with the Limoni and Limoncini of his entourage.

Principe Limone was dressed all in yellow, with a golden bell at the top of his hat.

The Limoni of the court each wore a silver bell; the lowly Limoncini, a bronze one. Together, they made a magnificent sound. People came running to see, shouting, ‘Here comes the band!’

But it was not a band.

Cipollone and Cipollino were in the front row.

They were getting kicked and pushed by those behind them. The poor old onion began to protest: ‘Back! Back!’

Principe Limone heard him and took off his hat.

Stopping, he planted himself on his crooked legs, and began sternly rebuking him:

‘Why are you shouting, “back, back”? Do you dislike that my faithful subjects come to applaud me?’

‘Your Highness,’ the Grand Chamberlain whispered in his ear, ‘this man seems to me to be a dangerous subversive—you would do well to keep an eye on him.’

Immediately a guard began keeping an eye on Cipollone with a special telescope that every guard carried, adapted to keep an eye on subversives.

Poor Cipollone turned all green from trembling.

‘Your majesty,’ he tried to say, ‘they were pushing me!’

‘And they were right!’ thundered Principe Limone. ‘They were right!’

The Grand Chamberlain then turned to the crowd and added: ‘Beloved subjects, your Highness thanks you for your love, and for your push. Push, citizens—push harder!’

‘They’ll hurt my Papa!’ Cipollino tried to say.

But straightaway a guard started to keep an eye on him, too, and for this reason Cipollino thought it best to sneak away, slipping between the legs of those present.

At first, they tried not to push too hard, so as not to hurt themselves. But the Grand Chamberlain gave them such dirty looks that the crowd began swaying worse than water in a tub.

They pushed so much that Cipollone fell at the feet of Principe Limone.

And his Highness, in broad daylight, without the aid of the court astronomer, saw all the stars of the firmament.

Ten Limoncini of low strength leapt in unison on the unfortunate Cipollone and clapped him in handcuffs.

‘Cippolino! Cippolino!’ shouted the old onion as they carried him off.

But Cipollino in that moment was far away.

As usual, the crowd around him knew everything—indeed, as often happens, they knew even more:

‘Lucky they arrested him; he wanted to stab His Highness.’

‘But what are you saying! He had a machine gun in his pocket.’

‘In his pocket? Come on, that’s not possible...’

‘You didn’t hear the shots?’

(The shots, in reality, were firecrackers, exploding in honour of Principe Limone—but the people were so scared, they ran in all directions.)

Of course, his father had only a Tuscan cigar butt in his pocket. Cipollino wanted to tell them, but he knew they wouldn’t listen.

Poor Cipollino! He couldn’t see very well out of his right eye: it was a little tear that wanted to get out at all costs.

‘Stupid!’ exclaimed Cipollino, gritting his teeth to give himself courage.

The little tear, very frightened, went back in and was never seen again.

In short: Cipollone was condemned to stay in prison for life—or rather, until after death, because, in the prisons of Principe Limone, there was also a cemetery.

Cipollino went to find him and to give him a hug.

‘Poor Papa! They have put you in prison like a criminal, with the worst bandits!’

‘My son, get that idea out of your head’, said his Papa affectionately, ‘prison is full of honest men.’

‘What did they do wrong?’

‘Nothing—it’s for this reason that I’m in prison. Principe Limone doesn’t like good people.’

Cipollino reflected for a moment and thought he understood.

‘Then it’s an honour to be in prison?’

‘At certain times, yes. The prisons were originally made for those who steal and kill. But under Principe Limone, those who steal and kill are in his court, and good citizens go to prison.’

‘Then I want to be a good citizen,’ decided Cipollino. ‘But I don’t want to end up in prison—in fact, I’ll come here and free you all!’

At that moment, a Limonaccio on guard warned them that their time was nearly up.

‘Cipollino,’ said the poor condemned onion, ‘you are now grown up and can mind your own business. Uncle Cipolla will be there for your mother and siblings. I want you to take your things and go out into the world to learn.’

‘But I have no books, nor money to buy any.’

‘That’s not important. You will study just one subject: rascals. When you find one, stop him and study him well.’

‘And then what will I do?’

‘At the right time, it will come to you.’

‘Let’s go, let’s go,’ said the Limonaccio, ‘enough with the chit-chat. And you, brat, keep away if you don’t want to end up in jail yourself.’

Cipollino had a peppery response on the tip of his tongue. But it wasn’t worth getting arrested before he could start his work.

He hugged his papa and ran away.

The same day he left his mother and younger siblings with his uncle Cipolla—a good man, a little more fortunate than the others, because he had a job as a doorman—and with a bundle tied to a stick, he set out.

He took the first street he came upon. But as you will see, it was the right street.

After a few hours of walking he found himself at the edge of a small country village. The first house was not a house but a kennel, too small for even a Basset Hound.

And in the window he saw the face of an old gourd with a red beard, who looked out sadly and seemed rather preoccupied, groaning about his problems.

JOSHUA KOTIN

Notes on Revolutionary Poetry

1

In *The Spook Who Sat by the Door* (1969), Sam Greenlee depicts a successful black nationalist revolution.

The novel's protagonist, Dan Freeman, uses his position as the head of a social welfare organization to recruit a vanguard of revolutionaries from the Cobras, a gang on Chicago's southside. Each Cobra has a specific role. To create propaganda, Freeman recruits Willie du Bois, a poet living in Hyde Park. '[Y]ou're the propagandist,' Freeman tells Willie; 'Use blues rhythms, your poetry, doggerel, anything catchy that people will remember and pass along; we want to plug into the ghetto grapevine.' With mimeograph machines and other office supplies, Willie produces 'leaflets, handbills, homemade bumper stickers and scripts for propaganda broadcasts.' The documents help transform a riot into a revolution, which spreads west to Oakland and Los Angeles, and east to New York and Philadelphia.

Freeman's plan is surprisingly plausible. The goal is not the total seizure power, but a stalemate. 'We don't have to win,' he explains; 'what we have to do is get down to the nitty-gritty and force whitey to choose between the two things he seems to dig more than anything else: fucking with us and playing Big Daddy to the world.'

In *What Is to Be Done* (1902), Lenin distinguishes between propaganda and agitation. The propagandist explains the complex reasons for revolution, while the agitator rouses the masses. 'Consequently,' he writes, 'the propagandist operates chiefly by means of the *printed* word; the agitator by means of the *living* word.' Willie does

both. As he oversees the production and distribution of leaflets and handbills, his comrades take control of southside radio stations, broadcasting his poems across the city.

2

The main argument against the compatibility of poetry and agitprop is now almost boring: agitprop violates poetry's non-instrumentality. '[L]yric expression,' Theodor W. Adorno writes, 'should evoke images of a life *free* of the impositions of the everyday world, of usefulness.' But non-instrumentality is always a kind of instrumentality. As Eirik Steinhoff asks, 'isn't "makes nothing happen" a fantastic description of what a General Strike could accomplish: an active negation of the regular schedule of production and consumption?'

Practical arguments against the compatibility of poetry and agitprop are more compelling. A poet obviously doesn't need an audience to promote revolution and only a very small audience to revolutionize poetry. William Blake did both. But to be effective, agitprop must address a large audience. Can a poet contribute to a revolution if their audience is limited to a circle of fellow writers?

3

In *150,000,000* (1921), Vladimir Mayakovsky attempts to speak in a collective voice, to become one with the population of post-revolutionary Russia. Katya Apekina translates:

150,000,000 is master of this poem.

Bullet-rhythm.

Rhyme fire spreading from building to building.

150,000,000 speak through my lips.

It is on the circular steps
in the cobblestone squares
that this edition is printed.

Who'll ask the moon?
Who'll pull an answer from the sun?
Are you fixing the nights and days?!
Who will name the lands of the brilliant author?
And so,
for my poem

there is no author.

And it has but one goal—
to shine through to the new tomorrow.

The poem's form channels the energy of the revolution; its content represents the revolution's aims and achievements. 150,000,000 aspires to be a communist poem that makes its poet a communist.

Trotsky didn't buy it. In *Literature and Revolution* (1923, 1924), he argues that Mayakovsky can't find a way to dissolve himself in the proletariat; so, instead, he dissolves the proletariat. 'Just as the ancient Greek was an anthropomorphist and naively thought of the forces of nature as resembling himself, so our poet is a Mayakomorphist and fills the squares, the streets and fields of the Revolution with his own personality.' For Trotsky, Mayakovsky's solution to the problem of audience isn't a solution at all.

4

Sean Bonney makes a case for poetry's revolutionary power in his unpublished dissertation on Amiri Baraka:

Poetry [...] at its best may be able to carry out the tasks of propaganda and agitation simultaneously. [...] By means of its equal combination of intellectual and prosodical expression it can express complex, multiple ideas (propaganda) with a singular directness (agitation). Poetry works both on the level of the 'printed' and the 'living' word, and due to this, has [its] own specific and unique contribution to make to revolutionary communication, and thus to revolution itself.

A lot hinges on the phrase, 'at its best.' If we link the idea of the revolutionary poet to Bonney's conception of revolutionary communication, the problem of audience becomes even more intense.

In 1965, Baraka opened the Black Arts Repertory Theatre/School (BART/S) and almost immediately received a \$115,000 grant from the federal Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO). (That would be over one million dollars today.) This grant paid for an ambitious summer arts program of outdoor plays, concerts, dance performances, poetry readings, and exhibitions. At the program's height, BART/S employed over 700 teenagers and young adults, and likely reached tens of thousands of Harlem residents. One of the plays, Charles Patterson's *Black Ice* (1965), depicted the assassination of a U.S. congressman and included a nuanced debate about cruelty and revolutionary violence. Baraka, it seems, had solved the problem of audience.

That fall, a controversy arose about government funding for BART/S. One newspaper headline read: 'White-Hating Theater Uses Federal Funds.' Another: 'U.S. Cash Aids Negro Spiel of White Hatred.' An official from the Johnson administration responded, 'We'd rather see these kids fussing on the stage than on the streets.' Sargent Shriver, the head of the OEO, asked, 'Would they have preferred a Watts?'

In the aftermath of the summer arts program, Baraka had to confront the complex relationship between radicalization and pacification. For him, Shriver's question might not have been rhetorical. Did his attempt to start a revolution stop one?

In *Literature in Times of Revolution* (1927), Lu Xun is blunt: 'For revolution to occur, what is needed are revolutionaries; there is no need to be overly anxious about "revolutionary literature."' "

Elsewhere in the essay (translated here by Andrew Stuckey), Lu is even more sardonic: 'Literature, oh literature,' he writes, 'you are a most useless thing. Only those without power talk about you; no one with real strength bothers to talk, they just murder people.' To make his point, he shares a mini-fable: 'When a cat preys on a mouse, it is the cat who is silent while the mouse squeals.'

RUPSA BANERJEE

Poems After Songs: IV. M Television

The restructuring of governances
and trade—a salt air grasp over words

Dictionaries written ahead of colonies breaking
the map into far-off, fervent lands

For the missing are often those exiled into the strangeness
of language; entrapment that resists human law.

If this is all you have—haunted by lives coming together
in the metropolis blinded by shored-up hearts

what roles can you play
that remind you of the forgotten nearness of words?

The domain turned into domicile revisited
with each word warping argument around itself

Which poet would you choose to sing your welcome?
The sea recalls the spaul back to the body, the hand to the touch.

Eurythmics

Music can help with fatigue and sleeplessness; a range of experiments are conducted in the early 1900s to understand the effects of music on the movement of the cardiac muscles. Pneumographs are used to record the thoracic and abdominal movements of respiration, while listening to the music. The music of Eleni Karaindrou helps us sleep during the nights of the pandemic—the space of war-torn Sarajevo confounded by the humble melody. The loom of film-reels ends with executions near the river.

If rhythm is inherited, ours feels alien—
an echo of an echo in a disappearing landscape.

What movement can bring us around to the
nothingness that is desire?

The body makes meaning constantly and interprets sound.

Rhythm can sometimes be a non-reasoning
principle, and what it collects is a life lived to
validate another's purchase.

We don't belong, inaudible like the false entrance in the bass.

WILL ALEXANDER

from On Dar el-Hikma

Fragment on Deep Time

... At present the human species is repeatedly being called into question, marooned as we are in a bleak and unforgiving cosmos, with European institutionalism attempting to record the whole of duration. This remains a travesty. We need all manner of in-flow in order to foster a resilient and flexible neurology. In recent history we have artists and thinkers like Joan Miró, Antonin Artaud, and Aimé Césaire, who've attempted to broker the greater cosmos. There are legions that have broken away from the standard script, but I must make particular note of Cheikh Anta Diop and José Pimienta-Bey, the latter whose seminal essay on the rise of Western academy from Moorish roots remains crucial in inspiring the creation of this writing. By saying this I remain concerned with the long view, not with the mis-constructed history that has prevailed in our recent time vicinity. For if we are to open ourselves to organic Stellar contact we must begin to commingle with mystery and our origin of origins. This was the constant precept of the Egyptians, which resurfaced in the learned harmony that was Baghdad, Cairo, and Córdoba, as well as elsewhere.

I am calling for an understanding of duration and all that transpires beyond controllable cognitive elements. It seems as if the jar has been sealed since 1945. The planetary populace has been conscripted into a foreshortened narrative, consumed as it by the frenzy of buying and selling. This greed for objects imbued with 'planned


obsolescence.’ In the end, a loathsome conscription, wrought in a tomb of a feral and decrepit morality. So all the blood spilled in the Congo remains universally non-acknowledged, because its spilling has been authored by the practical daily life within the Occident. Its tantalum, its tungsten, its gold, and its tin, remain crucial to the functioning of its daily economy. Death and exploitation are combined as the central tenor of these minerals. This remains the sullied drama with murder as its principal chorus. Because the corpses in question have far less value than an Anglo-Parisian or a Central Londoner, the latter sans the phenotypic taint of the colonized inferior. Such a dark and tenacious rubric translates to historical omission of the Islamic polymaths at hand. Because of such systemized prejudice the discoveries of Najib ad-Din or the inventions of al-Jazari retain the same status as random corpses in the Congo: of marginal account to the status of living.

This excerpt completed in Beijing, 8 October 2024



Commissioned by Leiden International Film Festival 2024 | Adapted for LUDD GANG / Poets' Hardship Fund UK

Sam Wilson Fletcher
Wish I could spit out the year (2024)
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I M J J J MANY ARE SUCKING - I AM PERHAPS

DELICIOUS MY BODY IS A BATH OF PLAITED

SKIN RIDGES

AND YOU ARE THE VORM X~~X~~ IN THE

PARTING - AT MY TAILBONE IS A FLAP OF SHADOW

WISH I COULD SPIT OUT THE YEAR